Stormwatch: Team Achilles
Issue #0: "It's Wednesday; must be Yugoslavia"

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FINAL DRAFT
Dialog punchup done 1/29/02

Page One – four widescreen panels

1/ Exterior, Dusk: Wide Establishing Shot of Sarejevo, Bosnia-Herzegovenia -- a city which barely survived a civil war. This is a built-up urban district, filled with ruined apartment buildings. We're about to do a big push-in onto one of these apartment buildings… it should be very Hitchcockian.

CAPTION : Sarejevo, Bosnia-Herzegovenia.

2/ Medium shot: the top half of the tallest apartment building. Each apartment has a balcony with a sliding glass door, except all of the building's glass windows and doors are smashed out or shattered from shelling. Six-foot square holes have been punched out of the walls. Entire apartments lay open to the elements. One corner atop the building is missing. This is an ugly, Fubar apartment building.

Pinckney (Offscreen): I understand they actually had an Olympics here once.

Golovin (Offscreen): -huh-

3/ Close Shot: on one of the blown-out apartments. Up close we can see that there is black mesh strung across one of the six-foot holes, blocking visibility from outside, but allowing those inside to see out. We can barely see through the mesh. Inside, Charles Pinckney, a small British man sits on a three-legged stool staring out through immense tripod-mounted binoculars.

Pinckney: The 84 Winter Olympics. Torvill and Dean. Magnificent.

Golovin (Offscreen): Pinckney? Shut Up.

4/ Interior: Tight shot on Pinckney, face buried in his spotter's binoculars. He spoons Gerber's baby food into his mouth as he looks through the scope.

Pinckney: You Russians won 25 medals that year. Beat the Yanks to take the Silver in Hockey.

Golovin (Offscreen): Feh, this is pointless. It's been six days!

Page Two – four rows– 2nd row is broken into two panels

1/ Interior: the apartment, behind the mesh, reverse angle looking over Pinckney's shoulder out onto the bombed-out city. Pinckney sits on his stool behind sandbags. To his right is a sandbag-protected prone firing sniper's position with a HUGE m-82 50 Cal automatic semi-automatic sniper rifle laid on the floor. No one is near the rifle.

Pinckney: I told you that if you kept eating those abominable military rations you wouldn't be able to use the bathroom for a week. Want some baby food?

Golovin (Offscreen): I said Shut Up, Pinckney! Baby food. Feh.

2/ Pinckney's POV through the spotter's goggles. There are range-finder indicators along the side of the ROUND field of vision (please, not the two-circle binocular view which doesn't exist anywhere but in bad films). The view is very constrained and focused on the door to what appears to be a military barracks. Two armed, uniformed men lounge around on the stoop.

Golovin (Offscreen): We've been here twenty-three days! Why can Stormwatch not teleport us some decent food?

Pinckney (Offscreen): Teleportation leaves an energy signature that would lead these fellows right to us.

3/ Wider POV shot as Pinckney dials back his focus range. The two lounging militia types now stand at attention, saluting three men getting out of a huge, black SUV on the right side of the panel. One of the men is a short, squat man in a long brown wool coat with one of those funny Russian fur hats fitted above his ugly face. The other two men are obviously Super Powered Beings (hereafter referred to as SPBs) – one is tall and skinny, the other looks definitely non-human and Evil (maybe reptilian?)

Pinckney: Well, hello little fish! Finish your arseing about, Golovin… it's showtime.

Golovin: Zalupat! Are you sure it's him this time?

Pinckney: Oh, it's him. He's got his two Super Powered war-criminals with him.

4/ Interior: Reverse Angle facing Pinckney. Behind Pinckney, Galena Golovin, a hard-featured Russian blonde is pulling up her pants and tucking in her shirt. She looks really pissed off.

Golovin: Good. After I shoot him, I kill them.

Pinckney: Nyet, darlin'… we're not cleared to engage the SPBs. Now hurry up or you'll miss your shot.

Page Three – 4 rows

1/ Side shot: Pinckney in the foreground left, Golovin in BG right. Golovin slides into her prone firing position, all business. Her shirt is untucked, forgotten in her rush to get behind her rifle.

Pinckney:	Identify target as one Major General Radovan Mladic, former commander Serb National Army. Do you concur with my identification?
Golovin:	I confirm target as racist, genocidal, raping, murdering piece of filth.

2a/ Pinckney's binocular POV: focused tight on the fat-faced Mladic laughing.

Pinckney (OS):	Laser reads 1900 meters from here to target. You have a left to right crosswind of 3 knots and a 75 meter decline. Can you make the shot?

2b/ Close-Up shot of Golovin looking down the barrel of her huge gun at camera. The 50-cal muzzle looms ominously

Golovin:	Pinckney, I won the Biathalon Gold in the '84 Winter Olympics. You might have noticed if you ever tore your eyes away from Torvill's Crotch.
Pinckney (OS):	Very funny. Look, just perforate this tosser so I can go home and sleep in a real bed.

3/ Medium Side Shot of Galena's finger pulling the trigger and a huge empty shell casing popping free of the chamber.

Golovin (OS):	Smile for Galena.

4/ Medium shot on the 50-cal slug as it speeds through the air on its way to target. The background is totally blurred out.

CAPTION:	The M-82a Fifty Caliber Sniper rifle fires an ammunition round the size of a ketchup bottle at a muzzle velocity of 2800 feet per second. It can puncture three inches of steel.

Page Four – four rows

1a/ Side Shot: the 50-cal round speed right for Mladic's face, about to pop his head into a million red and gray droplets.

CAPTION: It will punch a hole the size of a watermelon through a human being.

1b/ Still on Mladic, the bullet is stalled in the exact same place, still floating in front of his head, but now Mladic is smiling and pointing right at Pinckney & Golovin.

CAPTION: *IF* it reaches the target.

Mladic: There are two Stormwatch operatives on the 19th floor of that building. They'll be helpless against you... they're only human.

2/ Side shot: Mladic stands still on the left side of the panel, smiling. The two Serbian SPBs run towards the right of the panel.

Mladic: Kill them. Bring me something wet.

3/ Same shot as Page 3, row one: side view of Pinckney & Golovin facing left. Their faces reflect their shock and horror at what they're seeing through their scopes.

Golovin: He stopped the shot! He's a SPB!

Pinckney: That wasn't mentioned in the bloody briefing! Light him up… empty your clip and we'll see if one gets through!

4/ Close-Up on Golovin and Pinckney, their faces panicked. Pinckney holds his hand to his ear and shouts into a throat-mike.

Golovin: I CAN'T PULL THE TRIGGER! He's inside my head!

Pinckney: Stormwatch control, this is Achilles Team Alpha. We require immediate teleport extraction!

Radio: Negative, Team Alpha. You are no-go for extraction. Standby.

Pinckney: I'll stand on your damn neck! Pull us out now or we are KIA! Stormwatch control!? Bloody Hell!

Page Five – five rows

1/ Side shot on the two Serb SPBs. The human-looking one flies from panel left to panel right… smoke and flames trail from his waist like that New Mutants character Cannonball. He carries the Reptilian SPB below him as they fly towards Pinckney & Golovin.

2/ OTS of Golovin and Pinckney as they stare at the two superfreaks speeding towards them (and camera).

Pinckney: I think this is where I'm supposed to say that I've always loved you.

Golovin: Shut Up, Charles.

3a/ Tight shot on Mladic as he stares into the distance, his creepy face still smiling.

3b/ A gloved hand from Offscreen Left taps Mladic on the shoulder. His face registers surprise.

4/ Wider shot: Mladic has turned around and is being punched in the face HARD by Blake Coleman, a huge black man standing behind him. Teeth fly, lips are split… it's not gentle. Coleman wears a GIGANTIC glass and steel contraption sorta like an iMac over his head.

5/ Widescreen shot: Coleman holds the unconscious Mladic by his shirtfront. The brain shield box is on the ground. With his other hand he's motioning to Grunier. In the background, Grunier (also wearing an iMac brain shield) humps a sinister, spidery machine towards Coleman and Mladic, skipping over two unconscious Serb Militia guys. Coleman speaks into his radio headset.

Coleman: Freakin' brain shield is heavy. Stormwatch control, Achilles Team Charlie has cleared Stage One. Commence Stage Two.

Radio: Roger that, Charlie Team leader. Extracting Alpha Team now.

Page Six – five rows

1/ Wide on the apartment room. Pinckney and Golovin are dematerializing as the two Serb SPBs smash through what remains of the wall and speed right through where Golovin and Pinckney had been.

2/ The two Serb SPBs are on their feet, looking at the sniper and spotter positions on panel left. Behind them, two new, larger shapes materialize as they teleport in.

Reptilian SPB: They got away. He's going to make us eat a kilo of muck for this.

Weiss: Don't cry, freak. You can still dance with us.

3/ Wide: the Serb SPBs turn around and see Jaeger Weiss and Jukko Hämäläinen are standing there, wearing their heavy duty Stormwatch battle uniforms. Jaeger's uniform has an elaborate head-protection system (or maybe just an intimidating helmet). Jukko wears nothing on his head. You can tell he's done that a lot because his face looks something like the Unknown Soldier must have looked like beneath all those bandages – a mass of old scar tissue and poorly-healed broken bones. He's smiling. It's gross.

Reptile SPB: More Humans? And here I was, hoping for the Midnighter or Jack Hawksmoor.

Jukko: They were too busy pleasuring your mother. I would have been there also, but I can't abide sloppy seconds.

4/ Wider framing: the Serb Reptile takes the bait. His eyes go wide and he leaps at Jukko, razor-sharp fangs bared, 9-inch claws extended, screaming.   He should be a tad bit scary.

Reptile SPB: Raaaaaaagh!

5/ Back at the militia HQ, Coleman and Grunier are crouched down behind the black SUV. Several Serb militiamen are firing at the SUV from the doorway and windows of the Militia barracks. Coleman fires back at them over the hood of the SUV. He caps one of them right between the eyes, Grunier has her spidery machine strapped to Mladic's head.

Coleman: Can you hurry that up?

Grunier: I'm performing brain surgery in a muddy field while under fire. It's not something I've practiced for speed!

Coleman: Sounds like a training deficiency.

Page Seven – four rows

1/ Our first clear shot of what Grunier is doing to this poor Serb bastard… her machine has bored holes into the man's skull. Sharp metal octopus-like probes whirl and cut away at his exposed brain.

Grunier: That's it! I'm done! Stormwatch control, Phase Two complete… Charlie requests extraction.

Radio: Rodger that, Charlie Team.

2a/ Jukko's elbow meets the Reptile's mouth, breaking off one of his five-inch fangs.

2b/ Jukko headbutts the Reptile backwards.

3a/ The Reptile is on his back, Jukko kneeling on his chest, arms raised over his head, clutching the SPB's own fang. The SPB is terrified – he has a broken arm thrown up to ward off the coming blow.

Reptile SPB: Nooooo!

3b/ Jukko slams the murdering creep's broken fang through his eye and into his brain, killing him.

3c/ Jukko rolls off of the creep. Lying dead on the floor with a neat bullet hole in his forehead is the Cannonball-type flying SPB.

4/ Wide on the ruins of the room. Jaeger has the helmet popped off of his suit, revealing his stunning good lucks. He holds a smoking Mega-Pistol in his hand.

Jaeger: Why do you always play with them?

Jukko: You have your way, I have mine.

Jaeger: Your way takes too long.

Jukko: My way is more satisfying.

Jaeger: Your way makes you ugly.

Jukko: My way stops the nightmares. Stormwatch Control? Bravo Team requests Extraction.

Page Eight – four rows

1/ Stormwatch briefing room. Everyone sits around a table, staring at Ben Santini, Stormwatch Commanding Officer. Santini and Grunier stand next to a huge TV screen mounted flush with the wall which shows a picture of Mladic.

CAPTION: Stormwatch HQ. New York City. Later.

Grunier: Essentially, General Mladic was a class-one Psi-Emitter. For the last fifteen years he's been amplifying his emotions and broadcasting them across the Balkans, bending everyone there to his will.

Santini: And since his will generally meant murder, rape and racial genocide, he was one main causes of the region's pointless ethnic wars.

2a/ The picture of Mladic changes to an x-ray picture of Mladic's brains. Grunier points to his medulla oblongata.

Grunier: I burnt out all of the sections of his brain that control higher thought. Then I rewired the rest directly to his pleasure centers - Bosnia's going to be receiving a much happier radio station from now on.

Santini: Mission Accomplished. Questions?

Pinckney: Beg pardon, Colonel Santini, but your intel sucked. How the Hell were we supposed to shoot a class-three telekinetic?

2b/ On Santini.

Santini: You weren't. You were there to draw off Mladic's SPB Bodyguards so Coleman and Grunier could perform their psychic lobotomy.

3a/ Pinckney gets in Santini's face. Now he's mad. Santini STARES him down.

Pinckney: We were bait? We should have been told! Weiss and Hämäläinen should have been with us for backup all along!

Santini: Mladic was a class-two telepath! He crawled through your brain and found out exactly what I wanted *him* to think: that you were all alone with no backup. And the job got done, didn't it?

Pinckney: …

Page Eight continued

4a/ On Santini.

Santini: I you all to be clear on this: if the mission is righteous and the stakes are high enough, I will sacrifice any of you to finish the job. This is a volunteer unit. You're all free to leave. Anyone want out?

4b/ Everyone stares at the table… there's not a quitter in the bunch.

5/ Back on Santini. A new picture comes up of a guy who looks like Bill Gates next to a picture of someone who looks like the Midnighter.

Santini: Good. Here's your next assignment: by day this freak is a computer software billionaire. When the sun goes down, though, he puts on a leather suit and kicks the hell out of anyone who strikes his fancy. No one elected this idiot the conscience of Chicago, and we've been asked to smoke him out of his little rathole.

CAPTION: THE END. Hey Kids, be sure to purchase multiple copies of Stormwatch: Team Achilles #1 in July! If you don't buy at least five copies, then the Terrorists have already won.

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